

## **Unstoppable Ache by Luddleston**

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**Summary:**

What happens when the spirit of a moral ideal you share your body with starts to fall for somebody you find to be mildly annoying and entirely antagonistic?

Or: Justice develops a crush on Fenris, and Anders has to put up with his headmate's constant fantasizing about licking Fenris' tattoos.

## Unstoppable Ache

### Author's Note:

- For [miraculan](#).

Thank you to Icky (miraculan) for mentioning something adjacent to this concept and immediately making me go absolutely wild with the idea. I just think it's fucking hilarious. Luddles can have little a torturing Anders, as a treat.

“Can you even fathom,” Anders said, “the concept of somebody living in your head bearing romantic feelings for somebody who spends so much time antagonizing you?”

Isabela set another drink on the table in front of him. They’d managed to find a cocktail Justice couldn’t taste the alcohol in, so Anders wasn’t stuck with the funny problem he had where he was forced to lower his hand and set down whatever he was drinking because his headmate had specific tastes.

“See, this is why I share my body with nobody but myself,” she said. “Though *I* don’t have a problem with your other half’s taste.”

“This hasn’t been a problem before,” Anders said, listing against the arm of the chair. Isabela’s room had sprouted a lot more furniture, and he wasn’t sure where she was procuring it from. “He adores Hawke just as much as I do. It’s...”

Even thinking about his predicament nauseated him. Or maybe that was the booze. Maker, Justice would never let him drink again if he made himself sick. He took a smaller sip this time.

“I thought you two were getting along better,” Isabela said, taking another drink. It was this Dalish alcohol Merrill had found for them, herbal and complex, sweetened with honey and made sharper with lemon juice.

“We are,” Anders said, “despite my initial reservations and his ongoing dislike, there are some areas of... common ground.”

“How much Sebastian’s proselytizing pisses you off,” Isabela clarified.

“Indeed. But now...” Now, Anders couldn’t keep his mind from picturing twisting lines of white tattoos over brown skin, and, further than that, what it might be like to run his tongue over them. He shuddered. *It’s the lyrium, you lascivious bastard.*

Justice thought of where the tattoos might go. Anders, unfortunately, had a dirty enough mind to supply an answer. Lucky Justice, Anders had enough memories of sleeping with men to embellish his other half’s fantasies. *It’s the lyrium. You don’t actually want his cock.*

What would it feel like, to have Fenris pressed against every inch of him? Justice had theories. Anders did not have any theories and didn’t want Justice’s. Maker, couldn’t he just go back to when they were both equally fascinated with the idea of what it would be like to bury his face in Hawke’s chest?

White lines over Fenris’ sternum. *He doesn’t even have nice tits. Hawke has nice tits. And he’s all soft and furry.* White lines. *Hawke has tattoos. And all those runes carved in his skin. I would like my tongue on those much more.*

Isabela’s fingers snapped in front of his face. “Anders.”

“Ugh.”

“What *happened*? I, for one, would assume Justice wouldn’t be fond of him, for all he calls you an abomination and a sin against the Maker.”

Isabela had her feet kicked up on the table and her arms crossed over her chest. Why couldn’t Justice fixate on her thighs or the deep plunge of her neckline?

“That’s the thing,” Anders said, “after what happened last week, he’s stopped calling me that.”

Isabela knew what he was referring to—she'd been there. It had been slavers, taking people from the alienage under the guise of running a clinic. Anders had heard of a similar scheme that the Warden-Commander had encountered in Denerim, but this was all the more insidious. They weren't manufacturing an illness, just taking people who came in for ordinary concerns, and they were using elves (likely slaves, themselves) to spread word of the place and make it appear safe.

All in all, it was vile, and they were mimicking the sort of public service Anders had devoted his life to providing. It was no wonder Justice emerged once they finally cornered the ringleaders. Justice had killed them with all the merciless rage they deserved, using Anders' staff blade like a spear and only relying on Anders' magic when they tried to run from the onslaught.

In the immediate aftermath, Fenris had looked at him with an appraising sort of silence. It wasn't until later that he arrived at the clinic, holding a sword.

*"I brought this for Justice," he had said. "It is clear he knows how to use a blade, and I wanted to thank him for what he did earlier. I did not consider him a valuable member of our group in the months I have known you, but... he is an asset. I appreciate him preventing others from meeting a horrible fate I once bore."*

After saying the most he'd ever spoken to Anders at once, he had left.

Justice was *delighted*. Justice was *enamored*. Justice had a fucking schoolboy crush on the man, and now Anders couldn't look at him without unearthing Justice's blossoming infatuation.

"Why not let Justice have a chat with Fenris?" Isabela suggested, much to Justice's delight. "I'm certain that even though Fenris appreciates him for slaughtering those slavers, he's probably not *attracted* to Justice. Let Fenris let him down easy."

"Are you saying Justice is unattractive?" Anders could pretend the bristling came from Justice himself, but to be fair, Anders didn't entirely mind sharing his innermost thoughts with Justice when they devolved into the

erotic (less and less these days). It probably wasn't accurate to say Anders was having sex with Justice, but getting himself off had become increasingly more of a team activity.

"Well, I certainly wouldn't do it," Isabela said. "You're good in bed, Anders, but I do find it a little... creepy."

"It's quite alright, Justice isn't interested in you, either." It was part of the reason his relationship with Isabela had remained strictly friendly. If only Justice would reciprocate Anders' respect of *boundaries*. "What if Fenris *does* want to fuck him, though?" It made a delicious shudder go through his body, which was not at all his own doing, and so it was followed by a disgusted shudder. "I'd be there, the whole time. Watching. Eugh."

He was plagued with memories of that time in the armory with Nathaniel—alright, yes, Justice, sometimes he *liked* the idea of getting caught, but that wasn't the same as voyeurism. And Nathaniel, snappish as he may have been, was actually somebody Anders found attractive, and who reciprocated Anders' attraction. Fenris had once said that Anders looked like a dead wet rat he'd found in the basement of that decrepit old manor.

"Right, terrible idea," Isabela said, with a faraway look on her face like she was imagining the concept of watching Fenris have sex with somebody.

"I know." Anders drained the rest of his drink. "I'm going to leave, before you give him any more terrible ideas."

"Am I to have no company at all?" Isabela complained, although she was already taking the cup from him.

"I'm certain if you go downstairs you can find company aplenty."

"Yes, but the gossip won't be half as good."

— — —

Anders was no longer menaced by anybody on his way down to Darktown, which either meant that everyone recognized him as a healer, or that his

coat was in such a state of shabbiness, nobody expected him to have money. Either way, he made it back to the clinic and his bunk in the back unmolested.

His head was still pleasantly airy as he shucked off his coat and his boots and rolled into bed, the kind of drunk where it was easy to fall asleep.

Granted, that was mostly for people who didn't have a pesky spirit prickling at the back of their minds.

The thing most people didn't expect about Justice, who could be sanctimonious to a fault, was how curious and how fascinated he was by the experience of existing within a human body. Justice had always been enamored with sensation, even when he was inside a corpse back in Amaranthine, talking about being able to feel the wind on his face or the warmth of the sun. It was romantic, in a way that much about Justice was romantic. He wasn't just an idealist, he was an *ideal*. How could he be anything but a lover?

Mostly, he loved equality, he loved righteousness, he loved the very virtue he was named for, but sometimes he loved the little things. He had been awkward about it the first few times, but now he would admit it without prompting: he loved to feel Anders touch himself.

It was strange, to feel a slow swelling of arousal that didn't necessarily come from his own mind. In many things, Anders and Justice were starting to get on the same page, and the issue of when might be a good time to give himself some *release* was one such understanding they had cultivated.

It started as an easy way to get Anders to sleep. It was difficult to rest with an unsleeping spirit within one's mind, and Anders was prone to overworking himself whenever he had a mission, whether it be escaping the Circle or tying together the ragged threads of a mage rebellion in Kirkwall. Justice understood that Anders' body didn't work as well when he was exhausted, and encouraged him to get some sleep, but, well.

Anders had gone a long time without, and Hawke was handsomely distracting. On top of it all, Anders couldn't sleep because he was too

aroused.

So Justice told him to get off. And rather than retreating to the back of his mind, Justice practically sat on his shoulder and watched. Anders wouldn't have taken him for a voyeur before that moment. If Anders continued to refuse on the basis of being too tired even for that, Justice would offer to do it himself.

Sometimes, Anders was quick and utilitarian in his release, but tonight, he was drunk. He brought himself to hardness slowly, without undoing his trousers, cupping the bulge in his palm and letting his hips rock into it. He thought about Hawke, shirtless and dripping. A few days ago, he'd run into the sea after his mabari, chasing his dog around the Wounded Coast like he was a puppy himself.

Justice thought about the lines of lyrium running up Fenris' neck and over his chin. He thought about putting Anders' lips on them and sucking, sharing all that power that Fenris possessed.

*Not with my mouth, you're not,* Anders thought, pausing to bully his thoughts back into line. Justice was equally interested in Hawke's neckline or lack thereof, given how often the man was prone to leaving his shirt open or mysteriously losing it altogether. Could they not picture that, instead of a man who wrapped himself in spiky armor that was less than inviting?

Justice thought about Fenris carefully removing his gauntlets before playing Wicked Grace, so he wouldn't tear Varric's cards. He thought of all the wonderful places those hands might go. Anders wished very much that Justice did not have access to all the memories of all the many times Anders had been fingered 'til he cried.

*Not him.* Anders thought about Isabela tucked against Hawke's side in the Hanged man, back in an inconspicuous corner, and all the things she might have been doing to him underneath the tabletop. That had been shortly after they'd met—Hawke and Isabela had fallen into bed almost immediately—and she'd shot Anders a look like he was welcome to peek if he wanted. But Anders, then, had still been unsure how to broach the subject of his

sexuality with Justice, and had left before Hawke and Isabela could retreat to her room.

*You want to think about hands, think of all the things we could do to Hawke with mine.*

Justice was happy enough to focus on that, and Anders undid his trousers and stroked himself while thinking of how Hawke might react to a sting of lightning from Anders' fingers up his inner thighs.

And then Justice started on a mental treatise of every single gap in Fenris' armor through which you could see any bit of skin.

*Fuck you.*

Justice drew on memories of Anders with the sharp-sweet ozone taste of lyrium on his tongue, in the aftermath of a lengthy battle a that saw Anders raising both Nathaniel and the Commander herself from unconsciousness at one point or another. As soon as they were out of darkspawn to kill, Nathaniel had swept across the battlefield with his usual post-combat intensity, not to pick up whatever arrows were still salvageable, but to pull Anders down and kiss him.

Anders saw the scene both through his own eyes, giddy and high with the rush of running out of mana and then refreshing it all at once, and through Justice's, distant and a little perplexed—he hadn't known until that moment that Anders and Nathaniel were fucking. Nathaniel had whispered something about Anders' mouth tasting strange and Anders had said something cheeky about putting his mouth elsewhere, and it made Nathaniel scoff and tear away from him.

Anders *had* spent that night with his mouth elsewhere. Not that Nathaniel could have tasted the lyrium on him after all the ale they celebrated with.

But Justice liked the taste of lyrium, and he was strongly considering what it would be like to lick it off Fenris' fingers.

What was this, some new form of edging? Make Anders think about someone he was manifestly not attracted to right on the edge of orgasm?

Anders wanted to slap Justice, which was ridiculous. *No more thinking of Fenris.*

Justice thought of Fenris.

He pictured Fenris as a silhouette, blue-white, lit up in battle the same way they did when Justice took over (he'd hate that comparison). Justice remembered him punching through somebody's chest with a glowing fist, and wondered what it would be like to phase through him, exist in the same place as his body.

*It would probably kill me,* Anders reminded him. *At the very least, it would be agonizingly painful.*

Justice thought: *I want him inside of me.* The sentiment was so powerful in its desire that Anders was far more aroused than he should have been.

*I am mortal, we cannot have anybody inside me in that manner, and don't even make me think of him inside me in any other way.*

He managed to nudge Justice back on track by reminding him of a the moment a few days past. Hawke had used his considerable amount of force magic to lift and move Anders out of the way of an incoming enemy attack. *He could pin me to the wall like that.*

Hawke probably wouldn't even *need* magic to pin Anders to the wall, but if he did, he'd have free use of his hands. There was something Anders wanted inside him.

Justice was pleased with the idea of Hawke's magic coursing all around Anders' body and Hawke's fingers pressing inside him *just* right. Hawke's mouth at his ear whispering filth while he fucked Anders into incoherence. Now *this* was a fantasy Anders could focus on.

He got himself off thinking about Hawke's magic letting him down slowly, gently settling him onto his knees. Hawke would brace himself on the wall, bending over so he could watch while Anders got his mouth on him.

*"Fuck,"* Anders breathed, to an empty room.

He really had to stop getting off thinking about Hawke. It always left him aching afterward, wanting arms around him and a low, smooth voice in his ear and warm brown eyes meeting his.

Justice, was quiet enough in his own newfound longing to let Anders languish in his pining for a long while. Then, he prompted Anders with thoughts of all the old puppy-love crushes Anders had ever since his heart learned how to want romance. It was as if to say, *this is all my affection for Fenris is.*

And then, he thought of Hawke, the way Anders had to tread so carefully around romance because he couldn't bear the thought of it collapsing. He thought of the steely determination that got Hawke through the Deep Roads, the wicked smile that got Hawke through the hellholes in Kirkwall. The strange, sad softness that came over him sometimes when it was late and they were tired and all his walls came down.

*This is different,* Justice thought. *You must tell him. You love him.*

Maker, did he.

### **Author's Note:**

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